

## The Pinnace

A pinnace rigged with silken sails,  
What is more lovely than to see,  
But still to see is small avail:  
I must aboard as thinketh me.  
To see is well,  
But more to tell  
Lacks more than sight, you will agree.  
  
I must aboard to note each part,  
And then go down into her hold:  
The outside can not <sup>me</sup> be discreet  
Albeit be of silke and golde:  
To see without  
Keepeth in doubt:  
She must be felt, and I be bold.  
  
Her timbers I must eke survey  
To know if they be strong and sound:  
That must I do without delay,  
And all her frame examine round  
Her ribs of oke  
They may be broke,  
And in her nether parts unsound



A pinnace may be rigg'd with silken,  
And all may be but outward show.  
Her bottom must be ~~fast~~<sup>white</sup> as milk,  
And all her tackling gear below.  
She may be staid  
With silken sails:  
That at the first I faine would know.

In such a case you can not make  
To sure of what you enter there;  
Some pinnaces such lading take  
As oft times is most dangerous.  
To board a prize  
To please your eyes:  
O then, for better not attempt.

Dear E.

Above is the song - not over de-  
cent as you will see; but I am never  
sore amish - nor you perhaps. Tell me  
where it is printed. I have never seen it.  
Your praise of my "Roses" is not <sup>I dare say</sup> insincere  
but I wish it was denied. No more now.  
I am hurried & worried  
J. P. C. 12 Mar 79